Max Warp

(Cheering of an enthusiastic audience.)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Welcome, yes, welcome. Thank you very much.
(He speaks on as background music starts, a theme based on the TV programme "Top Gear".)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: You join us at the Inter-G Cruiser Show, at the Sirius Exhibition Station. In today's show, Timbo The Ferret will be test driving the new Kith Sunstorm.
O'REILLEY: We'll be deciding where it goes on the Funky Board.
(Cheering and chanting of "Funky Board".)
O'REILLEY: And I'll be looking at the latest in quark-drives.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: And boring us all rigid. Later on, we have celebrity in a budget-conscious spaceship, as Garfield Lemper feels the punishing escape velocity of the Umbriel Slipstream. So, strap yourselves in, engage thrust and prepare for ... Max Warp.
(Cheering.)

(Rocket descent.)
MALE TANNOY: For all your salvage and insurance needs, visit the galactic salvage and insurance store, and pick up a free information pack.
FEMALE TANNOY: Would the parents of Monoid Eighteen make their way to the information desk.
FEMALE TANNOY 2: Enrol now in the zellalite lounge for the limited edition last long miracle custom shop.
(The TARDIS materialises. Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: You are one rubbish date, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: This!
(Door closed.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's all boys with toys, innit?
THE DOCTOR: Boys with toys?
LUCIE MILLER: All right - middle aged blokes with spaceships. Couldn't tell you what half these ... aliens and androids and leopard skin whatnots are, but I bet they're all male, single and having a mid-life crisis.
THE DOCTOR: These aren't just spaceships, Lucie, these are the latest, sleekest, fastest spaceships ever constructed.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, of course they are.
THE DOCTOR: I mean, look at the neutrino converters on that.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Not compensating for anything at all.
THE DOCTOR: Besides, I had my mid-life crisis centuries ago. Ah! Hyperion boosters!
LUCIE MILLER: (sighs.) Get a room.
THE DOCTOR: How can you not like spaceships?
LUCIE MILLER: I do. Just not in the sense that I want a poster of one on my bedroom ceiling. That said, at least these are proper spaceships.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah ... What do you mean?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, you know, there's nothing wrong with the TARDIS...
THE DOCTOR: No.
LUCIE MILLER: Apart from all the things that are wrong with the TARDIS...
THE DOCTOR: Admittedly.
LUCIE MILLER: It's just it's not so much a spaceship as ... a shed.
THE DOCTOR: A shed?
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
LUCIE MILLER: Your face! I knew it. Classic inferiority complex.

(TV fanfare music and cheering.)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Thanks and welcome back to Max Warp. Broadcasting live from the Sirius Inter-G Cruiser Show.
LUCIE MILLER: Whoah. Who's the guy with the bald patch and the tight jeans?
THE DOCTOR: Just checking the brochure. Geoffrey Vantage, outspoken columnist and media personality.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: You join us as Timbo the Ferret prepares to test drive the Kith Sunstorm.

O'REILLEY: And we'll be with him live, every parsec of the way, via a sat-com link.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Calling the Ferret. Can you hear me?
(Slight fuzz of static.)
TIMBO THE FERRET: I hear you, Geoffrey. Just firing up the boosters now.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: What's your first impression? Is it ... is it really the best that Kith boffins have to offer?
TIMBO THE FERRET: Well Geoff, I'm getting a strong G-force despite the residual dampeners.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: So, definitely not one for the little lady popping out for a shampoo and set.
O'REILLEY: (laugh.) The fascinating thing about the Sunstorm is that the ... the vector stabilisers...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Shut up, O'Reilley. Tell us - how does she feel when you slip her into overdrive?
TIMBO THE FERRET: Well, the power steering is a bit of a swine actually. I'm having to compensate for relativistic drag as I shift into the orbit around the first moon.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Typical Kith design. Looks like a brick, steers like a shopping trolley.
(O'REILLEY laughs.)
O'REILLEY: Now, steady on, Geoffrey, political correctness and all that, we don't want to...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Oh, to hell with political correctness. There's only one word for Kith design - God-awful. And before you say anything, O'Reilley, I'm hyphenating, okay?
TIMBO THE FERRET: I - I'm having a bit of difficulty here, Chief. The flight computer's locking me out.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no.
LUCIE MILLER: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: His orbital path's too sheer. He won't be able to recover.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Ferret? Ferret, are you all right?
TIMBO THE FERRET: The ship! I'm nose-diving into the first moon! No response from the controls. Altitude eight hundred miles. Six hundred. Help me, Geoff. Geoff, help!
(Fuzz of picture loss. Audience murmurs.)
O'REILLEY: Oh my God. Oh my God!
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: We've lost Timbo. So, sorry, er ... some - some sort of accident ... where's the off switch...
(Disconnection.)
LUCIE MILLER: That guy. He just ... crashed into a moon?
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, looks like it.
LUCIE MILLER: What do you mean, looks like it, we saw.
THE DOCTOR: I know one thing, Lucie. What we saw was no accident.

(Automatic sliding door opens/closes. GILBRIDE is female and sounds Scottish.)
GILBRIDE: Security Officer Judd Gilbride. I'm told you're investigators?
THE DOCTOR: That's right, special attachment. I think you'll find our credentials are in order.
(Bleeps.)
GILBRIDE: Platinum rank clearance. Who assigned you?
THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid that's strictly need to know, Miss Gilbride. I could tell you, but I'd have to erase your memory afterwards. In fact, I may have *already* told you.
GILBRIDE: I'm guessing it's no coincidence you're here during the Presidential visit.
THE DOCTOR: You might think that, I couldn't possibly comment.
LUCIE MILLER: What Presidential visit? Ow, my leg.
GILBRIDE: What intrigues me is that even though we've raised security protocols, there's no record of your arrival.
LUCIE MILLER: No, well, there wouldn't be bec... Ow! I'm counting these bruises, you know.
THE DOCTOR: We like to keep our movements confidential. So normally you'd be able to keep track of all the comings and goings?
GILBRIDE: Nobody can enter or leave this station without me knowing about it. Can I at least ask what you're doing here?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, you can ask that, Miss Gilbride. We're investigating a murder.

GEOFFREY VANTAGE: The death of young Timbo is a total tragedy, and all of us at Max Warp are truly devastated. For me personally it's like I've had one of my arms hacked off with a rusty chainsaw. It is literally that painful and inconvenient.

O'REILLEY: Yeah, we're ... we're shocked, and - and devastated, and - and stunned, and I think that...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Oh, shut up O'Reilley. We can only take comfort in the fact that he died doing what he loved doing. Driving at high speed in a reckless manner.
(Fizz of screen change then THE KITH speak.)
THE KITH: We in the Kith Oligarchy extend our empathies to the cogenitors of the deceased.
(Fizz of screen change.)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Of course, young Timbo would still be here today if the Kith Sunstorm had been spaceworthy. I mean, had he known that...
(Fizz of screen change.)
THE KITH: Our technology is incapable of malfunction. The only explanation is that the ship was deliberately sabotaged by the enemies of the Kith oligarchy.

PRESIDENT VARLON: Oh, good grief. Are they trying to start a war?
SPINDROID: President Varlon.
PRESIDENT VARLON: You're not ... Where's my usual Spindroid?
SPINDROID: It has been recalled for ... upgrade. My functions are superior in many respects.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Yes, whatever. You've been fully briefed, I take it?
SPINDROID: I can provide up-to-date political social analysis to two decimal places.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Go on, then. Hit me with the awful truth.
SPINDROID: Your approval ratings are down fourteen points. When asked, do you think the Kith Oligarchy was responsible for the death of Timbo, sixty one per cent of the public said they agreed strongly. Eighteen per cent said they agreed mildly...
PRESIDENT VARLON: So they're foaming at the mouth. Wonderful. My next move?
SPINDROID: Polling suggests immediate and devastating military reprisals against the Kith would increase approval ratings by twenty per cent.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Any options which *don't* involve throwing away my political career?
SPINDROID: Calculating. Time remaining, two minutes. One minute, fifty-five seconds.
(Automatic door opens.)
PRESIDENT VARLON: Spindroid, cancel programme.
(Automatic door closes.)
PRESIDENT VARLON: Yes, Gilbride, what is it?
GILBRIDE: President Varlon, I've checked all admission records, and your Spindroid...
PRESIDENT VARLON: ... Is here in my office, yes. Your efficiency amazes me. Who are these ... people?
THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, this is Lucie. We're investigators. We've been assigned to look into the recent accident.
LUCIE MILLER: Except we don't think it was an accident.
THE DOCTOR: No, we have reason to believe that young Timbo was murdered.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Interesting. Spindroid, analysis, murder investigation.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, you have a Spindroid. They are great little gadgets, aren't they?
SPINDROID: Calculating. An announcement of a formal investigation would increase your approval rating by four per cent. You should also wear the dark blue suit when making the announcement.
PRESIDENT VARLON: And if I mentioned we suspected foul play, that might stop the Kith Ambassador rattling his cage. Very well. You have to understand, our relationship with the Kith is politically ... delicate. We cannot imply they might be in any way responsible. I don't care who you find guilty, Doctor, so long as you find them innocent.
THE DOCTOR: I shall do my best not to cause you any embarrassment.
LUCIE MILLER: Who are these Kith when they're not at home?
THE DOCTOR: Forgive my assistant. She had to have her memory erased after our last case, for legal reasons.
LUCIE MILLER: No, I didn't.
THE DOCTOR: You see? A complete blank.
(Sound of a kick.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ow. I mean, you lot, you're the Varlon, aren't you? So, who are the Kith?
GILBRIDE: The Kith are a highly advanced sponge race from the neighbouring system. Until the Treaty of Plavikar Hinton twenty years ago, we were at war.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes, I remember seeing that documentary. You nearly wiped each other out.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Very nearly. So there are those on both sides who have good reason to

bear grudges. War is easy, Doctor. Peace, it turns out, is much more difficult.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, I can see why they made *you* President.
PRESIDENT VARLON: I wish the public shared your high opinion. According to my Spindroid, they would prefer a leader who declared war at the slightest provocation.
THE DOCTOR: And this event, the Inter-G Cruiser Show, is to show you can work together in peace.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Yes. Both races setting aside their differences for the greater good...
THE DOCTOR: But now someone or something is trying to reopen old wounds, and re-ignite a galactic war.

FEMALE TANNOY: Tickets for the Slyther-G Ice Dance spectacular are still available!
MALE TANNOY: For details of how to apply for a free trip to Devita Nova's Health Spa, please visit...

LUCIE MILLER: That President. She just did everything that big shiny robot told her to.
THE DOCTOR: Fortunately for us. Spindroids are full of interesting opinions, but you have to take them with a pinch of salt. They are notoriously flighty machines.
LUCIE MILLER: So, where do we start our detectiving?
THE DOCTOR: Stage one, gathering evidence. Miss Gilbride, do you have a recording of Timbo's last moments?
GILBRIDE: Everything should be logged in the Vid-E matrix.
(Bleeps.)
GILBRIDE: The controls are self-explanatory. Fast forward, rewind, volume, not sure what that button does. What are you looking for?
THE DOCTOR: Signs of sabotage?
GILBRIDE: Impossible. We prohibit access to all prototype star-craft for precisely this reason. No-one can go near them without...
THE DOCTOR: Without you knowing about it, I see. And no-one went near the Sunstorm?
GILBRIDE: Nothing was flagged up as suspicious. I can double-check if you like.
THE DOCTOR: That might be a very good idea. Oh, and a coffee would be nice.
GILBRIDE: Would you like a doughnut with that?
(Walking off. Automatic door opens/closes.)
LUCIE MILLER: Okay. List of suspects. Miss Gilbride. Obviously guilty.
THE DOCTOR: Why?
LUCIE MILLER: Had the means. Could have broken into the ship and cut the brake cables.
THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure that's quite enough to go on, or that spaceships have brake cables.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm. Okay then. It's the President.
THE DOCTOR: Because...?
LUCIE MILLER: She said it herself. She's doing badly in the polls, and the people want a leader who'll declare war. She's just looking for an excuse to make herself popular.
THE DOCTOR: Again Lucie, I'm not sure you quite grasp the concept of evidence. Besides as we've just seen, she's only doing what her Spindroid tells her.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, of course. It's the Spindroid.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, perhaps. But I have the feeling it's going to be more complicated than that.
(Recording:)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Calling the Ferret. Can you hear me?
THE DOCTOR: I can't help feeling we're missing something elementary.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
LUCIE MILLER: Go, Sherlock! Go, Sherlock!
THE DOCTOR: Could you not do that when I'm trying to concentrate?
LUCIE MILLER: Wait, wait. He called him The Ferret.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah?
LUCIE MILLER: What if .. what if, right, using the word Ferret causes spaceships to crash?
THE DOCTOR: How, exactly?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know. It could be a computer thing. It might not just be the word Ferret. It could be any mammal. All right. Forgive me for trying to be helpful. I was just thinking aloud.
THE DOCTOR: I could tell.
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe it's something to do with that hissing noise.
THE DOCTOR: What ... ah yes, wait a moment, I'll filter it out.
(Rewinding voices.)

GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Calling the Ferret. Can you hear me?
THE DOCTOR: That's strange. Doesn't make any difference when I adjust the volume.
(Switched off, hiss continues.)
THE DOCTOR: It's still there when I stop the tape.
LUCIE MILLER: (muzzily) Stop the tape...
THE DOCTOR: Lucie? Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: What...?
THE DOCTOR: Wake up.
(Echoed fast voices repeat.)
THE DOCTOR: We're being gassed.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm ... so it's not funny ... like socks...
THE DOCTOR: Quick ... wake ...
(Echoing slow voices saying "wake".)
THE DOCTOR: Wake up!
(Repeating slow "up".)
THE DOCTOR: Wake up!

(Gently slapping face.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, wake up. Lucie!
LUCIE MILLER: What... Where are we, what happened?
THE DOCTOR: We were knocked unconscious. Now we appear to be in the cockpit of a spaceship. An Epsilon Nova Ninety, if I'm not mistaken.
(LUCIE MILLER sighs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Where do they keep the aspirin? I've got one hell of a morning-after.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, that would be the after-effects of the gas.
LUCIE MILLER: No kidding. Hang on, you mean we're in a spaceship, like, in Outer Space?
(Tapping on a keyboard or console.)
THE DOCTOR: Activating forward scanner. Oh dear, that's not pretty.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know. I think as moons go it's quite cheerful.
THE DOCTOR: No, not pretty as in, directly in front of us, growing larger with every passing second? We're on a collision course.
LUCIE MILLER: What? You mean, what happened to Timbo is going to happen to us?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: How do we get out of this thing!
(Banging on door.)
LUCIE MILLER: Help! Help!
THE DOCTOR: There is no way out.
LUCIE MILLER: What, no escape pods? What ... what sort of spaceship do you call this?
THE DOCTOR: No escape pods, no lifeboats, no parachutes.
LUCIE MILLER: Can't you override the flight computer or something?
THE DOCTOR: I'm trying, it-it's as if it's reprogramming itself. Do I want to send an error report? No! God. Now it's frozen. The course is locked in, we can't change it.
LUCIE MILLER: Ferret!
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: If saying ferret causes spaceships to crash then maybe saying it again, you know, undoes the effect.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, good grief.
LUCIE MILLER: Mole! Erm ... Otter! Beaver! Oh God, what are those things called that pop out of holes?
THE DOCTOR: I don't believe it. I'm trapped on board a spaceship about to crash into a minor planet, my companion is listing vermin!
LUCIE MILLER: Meerkats! Well, can't you think of something?
(Noise of imminent crash starts to build up.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm trying! It's just we seem to have run out of options.
(Alarm signal starts.)
THE DOCTOR: Altitude one thousand miles. Nine hundred miles. Eight hundred. Seven. Hold on tight.
LUCIE MILLER: Why, will that help?
THE DOCTOR: Not remotely. Five, four, three, two...
(Crash. Silence, apart from jingle-type bleeps.)

LUCIE MILLER: Hang on, we're still alive.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, I'd noticed that.
FEMALE VOICE: (calmly) You have crashed into the fourth moon of Sirius Alpha. Your ship was completely destroyed. You have failed your driving test. Simulation ends.
(Electronic door noise.)
LUCIE MILLER: Simulation?
THE DOCTOR: Yes! Yes. Yeah, we're in a ... a flight simulator. Didn't you guess?
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh.) No more than you did. Come on, help me down.

LUCIE MILLER: That was a bit too chuffing convincing, if you ask me. A few more seconds, and I'd have had to change my down-belows.
THE DOCTOR: This must be where they trained the pilots during the war. It would have to be realistic down to every detail, but why go to the trouble of gassing us, only to leave us in a flight simulator?
LUCIE MILLER: Somebody's idea of a joke?
THE DOCTOR: No, no, I think, it's somebody's idea of a clue.
LUCIE MILLER: A clue? Right, yeah. So, where to next, Miss Marple?
THE DOCTOR: Stage two. Interviewing suspects.

(Crowd sounds.)
FEMALE TANNOY: Patrons are reminded that the Sirius Exhibition Station is strictly non-smoking.

THE DOCTOR: Ambassador, may I ask where you were at the time of young Timbo's death?
THE KITH: What? You presume to accuse a representative of the glorious Kith Oligarchy of murder?
THE DOCTOR: Not at all, Ambassador. To be honest, I'm under strict instructions to find you not guilty.
(THE KITH sighs.)
THE DOCTOR: So if you could just point the finger at someone else that would be most helpful. Er, not that you have fingers. Waggle a ... frond.
THE KITH: We are not oblivious to the fact that we have many enemies amongst the Varlon. There are those who would wish to see the peace process fail.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, and there's nobody on your side who feels like that, is there?
THE KITH: Not a significant number. The Kith home system was almost obliterated during the war. We would not have been defeated. We held our ultimate weapons in reserve. But we paid a terrible price. I personally lost all four of my pregenitors.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry to hear that.
THE KITH: Which is why we are so keen to co-operate with President Varlon on this venture. To put the past behind us. Now, if you'll excuse me? I have to release some spores.

MALE TANNOY: Would the owners of the Driftcot Spaceboat please remove it from the docking bay.

THE DOCTOR: No-one, no-one at all?
GILBRIDE: An exclusion bubble was placed around the Kith Sunstorm. The scans indicate that nobody went anywhere near it.
LUCIE MILLER: And these scans detect everything? What about robots?
GILBRIDE: They detect heat, electricity, radiation...
LUCIE MILLER: Right, but could these scans have been tampered with?
GILBRIDE: Impossible. No-one could tamper with the scanners without...
THE DOCTOR: Without you knowing about it, Security Officer Gilbride. Which means...
GILBRIDE: The Kith intended the spaceship to crash. They're trying to provoke us into war.
LUCIE MILLER: And that makes sense how?
GILBRIDE: For all their talk of reconciliation, the Kith maintain a thousand-strong battle fleet. We have nothing. If there was a war, we'd be annihilated.
LUCIE MILLER: So you don't think it's one of your lot behind this?
GILBRIDE: Not unless they intended to get us all killed, no.
LUCIE MILLER: But wait, hang on,. Why would the Kith want to kill Timbo?
GILBRIDE: Don't ask me. You're the investigator.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Miss Gilbride, you've been most helpful.
(Walking off, automatic door opens/closes.)
LUCIE MILLER: Okay, so what next, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Stage three. How do you fancy going undercover?

THE KITH: Ambassador hailing the Kith Oligarch.
THE KITH 2: (speaker) Oligarch receiving. What is it, Ambassador?
THE KITH: I have been monitoring the Varlon Vid-E news matrices, your Fungalness. Public opinion indicature suggests the populace want military action to be taken against us. They hold us responsible for the prima-termination of Varlon Timbo.

THE KITH 2: But the Varlon President gave me her personal assurances.
THE KITH: (speaker) The Varlon do not share our enlightened system of government. If their President does not accede to public reaction, she will be replaced by one that does. It is an erratic and spurious system they call democracy or summat.
THE KITH 2: You believe that is a probable contingency?
THE KITH: (speaker) We have no choice, your Rightness. We must place the Kith battle fleet on imminent conflict alert.

GEOFFREY VANTAGE: There are spaceships, and there are spaceships. And then there are *spaceships*. And the Magellan Danube Four Thousand is without any doubt one of these.
(Max Warp music.)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: It's a man's spaceship. It's a spaceship literally fuelled with testosterone. This is not a spaceship for shandy drinkers. This is a spaceship that shouts out, ladies, bring a toothbrush and a spare set of knickers. Listen to the throb of those ellipse converters. That is serious thrust.
O'REILLEY: The superb Nebular Toscanini, however, is a ship for the more discerning customer. A modern take on the old school nebula, but with the latest in gamma burst generators, not to mention a detachable soft top. We're talking class, we're talking efficiency, we're talking sophistication.
LUCIE MILLER: The Freefall Sunstriker on the other hand, offers everything you expect from the Sunstriker workshop. Look under the hood, and you'll find the Freefall has the same engine as the Moonstorm, at a fraction of the cost. If the Freefall was a cat...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: No, no, no, no.
(Music stops.)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: No, I'm still not sure about this. It just doesn't sound right with a girl saying it.
LUCIE MILLER: Oi, give us a chance, mate.
O'REILLEY: You read the memo from the home station, Geoff, that the producers want us to broaden our appeal. That's why they sent Miss, erm...
LUCIE MILLER: Nova. Lucie Vauxhall Nova.
O'REILLEY: Hah. Miss Nova.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: This show is watched by blokes throughout the Seven Galaxies. The last thing we need is to "broaden our appeal", particularly with a female of the weaker gender.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, I know a bit about spaceships, mate.
O'REILLEY: Oh really?
LUCIE MILLER: Yes, like, erm ... Hyperion boosters? They operate on the principle of, er...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Yeah, on the principle of what?
LUCIE MILLER: On ... principle.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Hah.
LUCIE MILLER: On the principle of operating...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: You see what I mean? She is at the mercy of her hormones, a danger to herself and to others.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, and you're too old to be wearing jeans, but I don't go on about it, do I?
(O'REILLEY laugh.)
O'REILLEY: She's got you there, Chief....
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Shut up, O'Reilley. We can't have a woman presenting. We'll be looking at the latest in atmospheric re-entry shielding and she'll be wanting to talk about her emotional problems. Before you know it the show will be all about ... shoes.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, I'll kill you for this.

O'REILLEY: Er, the memo did say though that the producers were particularly keen that she should join the team. Even if it meant one of us, erm...
(He clears his throat.)
O'REILLEY: ...leaving the team.
(GEOFFREY VANTAGE sighs.)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: I suppose she can't do any damage if we ... put her next to the Funky Board. Stand there, love, smile and stick out your bits.
LUCIE MILLER: (sigh) Anything else? You'd like me to make the tea, perhaps. Or maybe teach you the rudiments of cave painting and the use of fire.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Cup of tea would be wonderful. But first the ground rules.
LUCIE MILLER: There are ground rules? Apart from not kneeing you in the...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: You are a woman, so no driving, because we all know what you're like. One minute you're checking your lipstick in the rear view mirror, the next you've reversed into an asteroid belt and knackered the clutch into the bargain.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh right, so male drivers never get into any accidents.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Nope. It's a scientific fact, Men do not possess the accident chromosome.
LUCIE MILLER: What about my predecessor - Timbo? He didn't exactly miss the whole moon area...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: That was not an accident. That ship was a deliberate Kith death-trap.
O'REILLEY: Careful, Chief, er ... political correctness and all that, you know?
LUCIE MILLER: Anyway, given the current fatality rate, I have no problem with not driving. No problem at all. I've already had one near totally pricking myself experience today.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Rule Two, no opinions. I don't want you saying a spaceship should go on the Funky Board just because it's a nice colour that matches your handbag.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm-hmm, easier for me to stand here and look pretty.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: If that's not too difficult? Thirdly, whatever happens, no matter what, I get the last word, okay?
LUCIE MILLER: Last word, you, right.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: This is my show, I refuse to be upstaged by a girl, okay? Let's go again.
(Music restarts.)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Welcome, welcome, to Max Warp. Tonight the Skythros Warpshock. The last word in super-luminary style or the last word in looking like a total Morok.
O'REILLEY: We put the new Thorndon Ninety through her paces and ask, whatever happened to the old Cobra Mark Three?
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Stop being boring, O'Reilley. And finally, we have Lucie Vauxhall Nova, who'll be showing us the latest on ... Oh, she won't, no, no.
(Music stops.)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Still not working, is it? You're not looking dumb enough. Men don't want thinkers, woman, they want...

(People sounds.)
FEMALE TANNOY: Patrons are reminded that the main Exhibition Hall will be closing in five minutes. Please walk your way to the indicated exits. Patrons are reminded that the main Exhibition Hall will be closing in five minutes...

PRESIDENT VARLON: Well, Doctor. Have you found our murderer?
THE DOCTOR: You have to understand, President Varlon, these things take time. You can't just point the finger at the first person to look shifty.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Pity. According to my Spindroid, my approval ratings have sunk through the floor, there's rioting on the outer colonies, and the opposition are calling for my impeachment.
THE DOCTOR: Where is your metal friend, by the way? I would have thought it would be by your side at this time of crisis.
PRESIDENT VARLON: It's probably recharging. I'm always forgetting and leaving it on standby overnight.
THE DOCTOR: Can you call it? What do you do, whistle? Or do you work it with a key fob?
PRESIDENT VARLON: Spindroid to the Presidential Suite. Spindroid to the Presidential Suite. Odd. No response.

THE DOCTOR: No. And if it's not here, then ... You'll have to excuse me, Madam President.
PRESIDENT VARLON: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: I'm very much afraid there's going to be another murder.

(Female singing in background.)
O'REILLEY: Don't take it to heart. A lot of the blokey stuff is put on for the cameras. It's ironic.
LUCIE MILLER: I kind of got the impression he meant it.
O'REILLEY: No, no, I think he likes you. (Laughs.) He's usually much more patronising, honestly.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Here we are, that's Old Bizarre for O'Reilley, gin and tonic for you, and Lockmoths for me. Cheers. And welcome to the show, Miss Nova. Even if you are of a ... non-male persuasion.
LUCIE MILLER: Ta. Cheers.
O'REILLEY: So, Lucie. How do you feel, stepping into a dead man's shoes?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, shut up, O'Reilley.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: (laugh.) Don't worry, I'm sure you'll last longer than the last one. A few more shows under your belt should do it.
LUCIE MILLER: Hadn't Timbo been with you very long, then?
O'REILLEY: No, no, he only joined us ... what was it, oh, about three months ago, wasn't it, Chief?
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Yeah, come to think of it, he was assigned to the show in the same way as you, Miss L.V.N. Memo from the producers on home station, new presenter required, then he turns up out of the blue. Never heard of him, no background, no experience.
O'REILLEY: Knew his stuff, though.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: True. Young Timbo knew everything there was to know about spaceships that was worth knowing. And you, O'Reilley, knew everything else.
LUCIE MILLER: Weren't you suspicious, him just appearing like that?
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: No. Seemed nice enough lad. Enthusiastic, always ferreting around, hence the name, Ferret.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Didn't deserve to die, anyway.
LUCIE MILLER: So you've no idea why anyone would want to kill him?
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Nope, not me. O'Reilley?
O'REILLEY: No. Most of the death threats we get here are for Geoffrey, from feminists, from environmental campaigners, from animal welfare activists, from...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Yeah, thanks. O'Reilley, your round I believe.
O'REILLEY: Oh. Righty-ho. Off I pop.
(Collecting glasses and walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: So, how did you get into this presenting lark? You don't strike me as the media type.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Me? No. I used to be a test pilot. During the war that was my, er ... Yeah, I flew experimental star-jets, tried out the latest weapon systems, that sort of thing. Nothing wild.
LUCIE MILLER: So you didn't actually do any fighting?
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Sometimes I wish I did, but ... no. No, I was lucky, I was too important to the research effort to be sent into the mindless slaughter. That's why I'm still here today.
LUCIE MILLER: So there's no love lost between you and the Kith?
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Another few weeks, another month, and we would have had victory. Instead, we have to pay them compensation, we have to apologise for our heroes. We ... we can't even speak our minds without causing offence. Is that what our boys died for?
LUCIE MILLER: Except you.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Yeah, right. Oh listen, love, you weren't there. You don't know what it was like. I know the Kith, and all this so-called peaceful co-operation - hah! It's a joke.
LUCIE MILLER: So what, you'd be okay with there being another war?
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: What? If you'd seen what I've seen. A tide of flame sweeping across the surface of a planet? If you could imagine I'd want to put us through that, again...
LUCIE MILLER: I'm sorry.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Yeah, so am I. Look, it's been a long day, love. I'm probably still upset about Timbo. I'm going to call it a night. You'll ... be okay with O'Reilley?
LUCIE MILLER: I suppose so.

GEOFFREY VANTAGE: D... don't worry, he'll probably try to chat you up by talking about catalytic filter systems.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, great. Look forward to that, then.
(Walking off.)
O'REILLEY: Oh, where's Geoffrey gone?
LUCIE MILLER: He said he was knackered. So ... just us, eh?
O'REILLEY: Yeah. So, er, Lucie...
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah?
O'REILLEY: As a woman, and I want your honest opinion on this, where do you stand on the whole issue of catalytic filtration systems?

(Sonic screwdriver operating.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello? Mr Spin? It's the Doctor. I just want to have a quick word.
GILBRIDE: Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Miss Gilbride? What are you doing here, in the shadows?
GILBRIDE: What are *you* doing down here? The lower levels are a restricted area.
THE DOCTOR: I'm looking for the President's Spindroid. It's mysteriously gone missing.
GILBRIDE: Again?
(Sonic screwdriver operating.)
THE DOCTOR: And this little gadget ... Sorry, the President's Spindroid has gone missing before?
GILBRIDE: Yes.
THE DOCTOR: How interesting. Wait, what's this? Shine that torch over here.
GILBRIDE: Oh my God. What's that?
THE DOCTOR: That rather looks like what's left of the President's Spindroid.

(Whine of door opening. O'REILLEY gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Are you all right, O'Reilley?
O'REILLEY: No, I'm fine, I'm fine, I think I just .... had a bad pasty. Anyway, as I was saying, the thing about quark drives is, if you compare them to the old plasma outfits...
(Whine of lift door.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh look. This is my floor. 'Bye.
O'REILLEY: No, no. Your ... your room is on the same level as me. It's ... next one up.
LUCIE MILLER: Is it? I thought I might take the stairs. Exercise.
O'REILLEY: Fair enough. I'll ... I'll keep you company. Midnight stroll.
LUCIE MILLER: On second thoughts, we're in a lift. We'd be mad not to use it.
(Lift door closes. O'REILLEY hums. Lift door.)
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I think this is where we say goodnight.
O'REILLEY: Right, yes, of course. Unless you would, er ... would like to say goodnight somewhere else? (Laughs.) Like in my room, he hinted romantically?
LUCIE MILLER: No. I've already said it once. That's all you're getting.
O'REILLEY: (laugh) No problem. There's a really good documentary on later about airline convertors which...
(Muffled noise like a gunshot.)
LUCIE MILLER: What was that?
O'REILLEY: Well ... bedtime for me. Off I pop.
LUCIE MILLER: O'Reilley! That came from the next room!
THE KITH: Help! I'm under attack! Murder!
(Whine of automatic door opening.)
LUCIE MILLER: What is it? Are you all right?
THE KITH: I am being assassinated.
LUCIE MILLER: Hang on. Don't get your branches in a twist. Have you actually been shot?
THE KITH: Well no, but ... look. They almost hit me. You can see the scorch mark.
(Electronic noise like an engine.)
LUCIE MILLER: What was that?
THE KITH: It was the laser. It passed over my upper tendrils, you can see the scorch...
LUCIE MILLER: No, no, no, shh.
THE KITH: Wh... what is it?
LUCIE MILLER: I thought I heard something, but ...
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, you're not hurt?

LUCIE MILLER: No. No, I'm fine. It's the Kith ambassador. He thinks someone's trying to kill him.
GILBRIDE: I'll check the corridors, get a security lockdown.
THE DOCTOR: Ambassador, tell me, what happened exactly?
THE KITH: Well, I ... I had just returned to my suite not more than five intervals ago, and had switched off the illuminations. I require total darkness, you see, in order to enter my spore cycle.
THE DOCTOR: You really are a fascinating creature.
THE KITH: Then, no sooner had I begun to phosphoresce, when someone bursts in and attempts to shoot me in cold blood.
LUCIE MILLER: I heard the shot.
THE DOCTOR: Mm, seems you had a lucky escape, Ambassador, by the skin of your ... well, you know what I mean.
THE KITH: What ... is that all you can say? Someone is trying to have me prima-terminated.
THE DOCTOR: Let me get this straight. You were where you are now in your protein replenishment tank, and whoever it was came in through this door.
THE KITH: Well ... yes, yes. I didn't think to make a high-definition Vid-E record. I was being murdered.
THE DOCTOR: So you didn't get a clear view of your assailant?
THE KITH: No. As I said, my room was in darkness.
GILBRIDE: There's no sign of anyone, and the security scanners have been deactivated.
THE DOCTOR: Inconvenient, but not unexpected. Miss Gilbride, could you take care of the Ambassador here?
GILBRIDE: Why? What about you?
THE DOCTOR: I know what our murderer next has in store. Come on Lucie, no time to lose.

LUCIE MILLER: So, where are we going?
THE DOCTOR: You'll see soon enough.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, very helpful. Anyway, I know who did it. It was that thing. The President's robot.
THE DOCTOR: Really? What makes you think that?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, while I was in the Ambassador's room, I heard it.
THE DOCTOR: You're absolutely certain it was the Spindroid?
LUCIE MILLER: Why? Don't you believe me?
THE DOCTOR: No, it's just a few minutes ago I found it. In several small pieces.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh.
THE DOCTOR: Someone had made very sure it wouldn't be giving any polling results ever again.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, if it wasn't Mister Spinny, who was it?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure. This whole thing is rather odd.
LUCIE MILLER: Odd?
THE DOCTOR: You heard the Ambassador, whoever it was entered the room when he was beginning his phosphorescent stage.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah - which in my language means?
THE DOCTOR: He would have been glowing bright green. So even in pitch darkness his assassin would have had a clear target. So why they chose to fire into the lamp fittings instead...
LUCIE MILLER: (gasps.) I've got it. It's the Kith Ambassador himself.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
LUCIE MILLER: He faked an attempt on his own life. It's what they always do in these things.
THE DOCTOR: Maybe. Or maybe ... Ah, here we are. The Max Warp studio. Did they give you a pass key?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I think so. I tucked it in my ... Hey. No peeking. Ah, here we go.
THE DOCTOR: Right, come on. We have a *real* murder to prevent.
(Bleep of door entry system, automatic door opens.)

PRESIDENT VARLON: Ambassador, I urge you to reconsider. We both have a great deal invested in this event. To abandon it now...
THE KITH: I have no option but to remove myself from danger.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Please, I can assure you, your safety is of paramount importance.
THE KITH: If my safety was that important, I wouldn't have been attacked, in my own suite,

during my spore cycle. Unless of course that's what you wanted.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Ambassador, you've had a great shock.
THE KITH: Make sure my star schooner is ready for launch.
THE KITH 2: (speaker) Oligarch receiving. What is it, Ambassador?
THE KITH: I have desperate news. The Varlon are trying to kill me.
THE KITH 2: (speaker) You have made a serious allegation. You are aware of the ramifications?
THE KITH: I am. Request the immediate dispatch of the Kith battle fleet.

LUCIE MILLER: What are we looking for exactly?
THE DOCTOR: I'll know when I find it. When you were here did you notice anything?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, O'Reilley smells like loft insulation, and close-up, you can see that Geoffrey wears foundation.
THE DOCTOR: I'll narrow it down. Did you notice anything suspicious?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Nothing off the top of my head.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no. Lucie, look at that.
LUCIE MILLER: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: They've put the Umbriel Slipstream in the unfunky section of the Funky Board. Do they even have the slightest idea about spaceships? The Slipstream is a classic.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! Right.
THE DOCTOR: I'm moving it. On a point of principle.
LUCIE MILLER: Anyway, Doctor, meanwhile, looking for clues? Before someone finds us.
THE DOCTOR: Right, sorry, sorry, sorry. Okay, let's see - Vid-E cameras, autocues, sat-com link interface...
(Noise of something being moved in the distance.)
LUCIE MILLER: What was that?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, this is it, of course.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, I think we're not alone in here.
(Two laser bolt shots. Bang. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, get out. Run!
LUCIE MILLER: What about you?
THE DOCTOR: Now, don't worry about me, go, go!
(Laser bolt, bang.)

PRESIDENT VARLON: Ambassador, I urge you to reconsider.
THE KITH: (speaker) My decision is final. I am returning to the Oligarchy.
PRESIDENT VARLON: At least allow me to offer you safe conduct.
THE KITH: (speaker) Your concern is redundant. The Kith battle fleet will be escorting me.
PRESIDENT VARLON: The what?
GILBRIDE: The Kith have just crossed the exclusion perimeter of the Sirius System. President, there are thousands of them.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Kith Ambassador, I'm begging you.
THE KITH: (speaker) Goodbye, President Varlon. It has been a pity.
GILBRIDE: Kith star-schooner leaving docking bay.
PRESIDENT VARLON: What are we going to do? What am *I* going to do?
(Automatic door opens/closes.)
LUCIE MILLER: President Varlon, I need your help.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Investigator, this is not a convenient moment.
LUCIE MILLER: It's the Doctor. He's in the Max Warp studios. Somebody's trying to kill him.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Your colleague will have to wait. We have a Kith battle fleet closing in on us.
LUCIE MILLER: A what? Oh. Is that what all those little flashing yellow dots mean?
GILBRIDE: Yes!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. And that little dot?
GILBRIDE: That's the Kith Ambassador's star-schooner.
(Electronic bleeps.)
GILBRIDE: Oh no.
PRESIDENT VARLON: What is it?
GILBRIDE: That shouldn't be. It's ejecting fuel. That's supersaturated plasma.

THE KITH: (speaker) President Varlon. Help me! Sabotage! Controls locked.
PRESIDENT VARLON: What can we do?
THE KITH: (speaker) Warp drive engaged. Ignition in point two of an interval!
GILBRIDE: Ambassador, if you ignite the plasma fuel, it will expl...
(Bang. Electronic bleeps. Bleeps stop.)
GILBRIDE: The Ambassador's ship. It's ... disintegrated.
PRESIDENT VARLON: This is it, then. This is the end.
LUCIE MILLER: It must be the same person. The one who killed Timbo.
PRESIDENT VARLON: It's beyond that now. The Kith will interpret this as an act of war.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm going to get the Doctor. He'll know what to do.
(Automatic door opens/closes.)

(Electronic pass bleep. Automatic door opens.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor? Doctor, are you in here?
O'REILLEY: Who's that?
LUCIE MILLER: O'Reilley. What are you doing?
O'REILLEY: Erm ... we put out a Vid-E a while ago, comparing tractor beam specs. I couldn't sleep so I thought I'd do it in here...
LUCIE MILLER: So you've only been in here a few minutes.
O'REILLEY: Yeah. Yeah, why?
LUCIE MILLER: It's nothing. Oh God, Doctor, why are you never around when we need you?
(Electronic alarm.)
O'REILLEY: Oh my God. I never thought I'd hear that again.
LUCIE MILLER: What is it?
O'REILLEY: A battle readiness alert. It means only one thing. We're at war!

(Crowd, panicked screams.)
MALE TANNOY: Emergency. This is an imminent attack alert. Repeat. An imminent attack alert. All personnel to defensive stations. Members of the public are advised to remain calm. Everything is under control. Emergency. This is an imminent attack alert. Repeat. An imminent attack alert...

THE KITH 2: (speaker) Following the murder of our Ambassador, we have no alternative but to take military reprisals.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Oligarch, please. Listen to me.
THE KITH 2: (speaker) Your station and its inhabitants will be summarily annihilated. You will be given five minutes in order to make all necessary legal and religious arrangements.
(Static of disconnection.)
PRESIDENT VARLON: Well. That's that, then.
(Automatic door opens/closes.)
LUCIE MILLER: What's happening? Whoah. Loads of spaceships.
GILBRIDE: You couldn't locate your colleague?
LUCIE MILLER: No. He seems to have disappeared.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Then we have no hope. Gilbride, activate requiem procedures.
(Automatic door opens/closes.)
THE DOCTOR: Wait.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor. Where have you been?
THE DOCTOR: I'll explain later. I know I always say that, but this time I will, I promise, but first...
(Static.)
THE DOCTOR: Calling the Kith Oligarch. Are you receiving me?
THE KITH 2: (speaker) Who is this?
THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, but that's not important right now. What is important is that you power down every ship in your fleet immediately.
THE KITH 2: (speaker) Are you threatening us?
THE DOCTOR: No, I'm warning you. You see, when I opened this sat-com link, I transmitted a computer virus, which has infected every single one of your flight computers.
THE KITH 2: (speaker, laugh) That is not possible. You lie.
THE DOCTOR: You can put it to the test if you like, but I honestly wouldn't recommend it. The slightest move and you'll fly directly into the nearest moon, or planet, or asteroid.
(Whirring noise of communication.)

THE KITH 2: (speaker) Oh. Kith technicians report flight computers are reprogramming themselves. Control systems are locked. No, no, I do not want to send an error report.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, what are you waiting for?
THE KITH 2: (speaker) Disengaging power supply. Closing sat-com link.
(Transmission ended.)
GILBRIDE: The whole fleet. They're motionless. No energy traces.
THE DOCTOR: No, and if they so much as switch their flight computers back on, they're dead.
PRESIDENT VARLON: So they're defenceless.
THE DOCTOR: It seems you're presented with a choice, President Varlon. You can if you wish wipe out the entire Kith race. Just give the order, and your approval rating would improve dramatically. Guarantee you the next election, and probably the one after that.
LUCIE MILLER: But they're sitting ducks. You can't.
THE DOCTOR: Or you can send them help. So come on, what is it to be?
PRESIDENT VARLON: Doctor, give me a moment. I have to consider the options.
THE DOCTOR: What's the matter, can't make a decision without your precious Spindroid?
PRESIDENT VARLON: Security Officer Gilbride. I want recovery ships sent to the battle fleet immediately. Full medical assistance, no Kith are to be harmed. That is an order.
GILBRIDE: Yes, President.
(Automatic door opens/closes.)
THE DOCTOR: One thing I've learned. The best way to win a war is not to start one in the first place.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Yes. On the other hand, Doctor, I think I've just committed political suicide.
LUCIE MILLER: Hang on, Doctor. How did you know about that computer virus thing?
THE DOCTOR: Ah well, if you will allow me, President Varlon, I'd like to gather the suspects.

FEMALE TANNOY: Victims of the recent false alarm can call our helpline for friendly, sympathetic advice from our team of highly-trained robots.

THE DOCTOR: Gilbride, President Varlon, Geoffrey, O'Reilley. My friend Lucie was asking how I knew about the computer virus. Well, you see, that was the murderer's plan all along.
(Puzzled muttering.)
LUCIE MILLER: I'm sorry, what?
THE DOCTOR: It was a trap. Somebody intended to lure the Kith battle fleet here in order to destroy it, to give the Varlon people the victory they so desperately desired.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Are you suggesting...
THE DOCTOR: The computer virus was a masterpiece of programming, but it was untested in the field, so first, our killer needed a guinea pig. Or to be precise, a ferret.
LUCIE MILLER: Timbo The Ferret? So he was just an innocent victim?
THE DOCTOR: Victim, yes. Innocent? No. Because Timbo was not all he seemed. He wasn't just the presenter of a Vid-E motor show. He was an undercover Kith agent.
O'REILLEY: No way. Young Timbo? A Kith agent?
GILBRIDE: On my station? This is outrageous.
THE DOCTOR: And without you knowing about it, Timbo had been sent to investigate someone the Kith suspected of acting against them. Someone with unfinished business, someone who had access to the new viral weaponry developed during the last days of the war. Outspoken columnist and media personality, Geoffrey Vantage.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Oh, go on, Doctor. Don't stop now. I'm finding this utterly hilarious.
THE DOCTOR: But somehow Timbo had given himself away, so you decided to make him your first victim. You contacted him via a sat-com link, and transmitted the virus into his ship.

(Flashback scene.)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Calling the Ferret. Can you hear me?
(Slight fuzz.)
TIMBO THE FERRET: I hear you, Geoffrey. Just firing up the boosters now.

THE DOCTOR: Then all you would have to do would be to scare the Kith Ambassador into leaving, establish another sat-com link with his ship, and cause another fatal accident.

GEOFFREY VANTAGE: (speaker) Calling the Kith Ambassador.

THE KITH: You? You're Geoffrey Vantage. What do you want?
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: (speaker) Just to say, it's payback time.

THE DOCTOR: Presumably you were planning to save us all at the last minute by causing the Kith fleet to plunge into the nearest moon. Sorry about stealing your thunder.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Very entertaining. But you can't prove any of this.
THE DOCTOR: Funny thing is, though ... this whole affair has been based on a false premise. My companion and I came to investigate a murder, when no murder had taken place.
GILBRIDE: I'm sorry? What?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, you've lost me too.
THE DOCTOR: What Geoffrey didn't realise was that Timbo knew he was living on borrowed time, so Timbo decided to put himself out of harm's way by faking his own death.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Sorry, he did what?
THE DOCTOR: He wasn't on board that spaceship when it crashed.
GILBRIDE: But I checked. The scans.
THE DOCTOR: Indicated that no-one had gone near the Sunstorm. Didn't that strike you as odd? Surely they should have indicated that Timbo at least had gone in the Sunstorm.
GILBRIDE: I didn't think.
THE DOCTOR: Don't feel bad about it. You can't be expected to think of everything. And as he was a Kith agent, Timbo could easily pilot the Kith Sunstorm ship by remote control, whilst sitting safe and sound inside one of the flight simulators.
O'REILLEY: But i-if Timbo is still alive, w-what happened to him?
THE DOCTOR: He adopted a disguise - one that would allow him to get close to the President to protect her and make sure she did nothing rash. If you'll allow me.
(Automatic door opens.)
PRESIDENT VARLON: My Spindroid.
THE DOCTOR: No, your Spindroid was dismantled. This was its replacement. Except it's not a big shiny robot at all. If you remove the head you'll find it is in fact, a man in a robot suit.
(Automatic door closes.)
O'REILLEY: Timbo The Ferret.
LUCIE MILLER: Actually to be honest I thought it was a bit unconvincing all along.
TIMBO THE FERRET: Doctor, thanks. You'd be amazed how hot it is in there. I'm sweating buckets.
THE DOCTOR: But then while disguised as a Spindroid, Timbo saw that two investigators had been sent to look into the cause of his death, and so he decided to give them a clue.
LUCIE MILLER: Right. So that's why we were gassed and dumped in the flight simulator.
THE DOCTOR: Exactly.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Bit of a rubbish clue though, innit? I mean, talk about cryptic.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: So let me get this straight. I murdered Timbo - except I didn't. So remind me exactly - what am I supposed to be guilty of again?
TIMBO THE FERRET: But you did kill the Kith Ambassador. You caused its spaceship to explode.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Oh, yeah, yeah, there was that. But you know, the old saying, the only good Kith is a Kith reduced to its constituent molecules. And now you leave me with no choice but to...
(Laser bolt. PRESIDENT VARLON gasps.)
PRESIDENT VARLON: Gilbride, do something!
THE DOCTOR: Put the pistol down, Geoffrey, you can't win.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Everybody, stay back. Or your President dies.
(PRESIDENT VARLON gasps.)
O'REILLEY: I don't believe this. What ... you mean the Doctor's right? You...
(Laser bolt.)
O'REILLEY: You were the one who killed...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Shut up, O'Reilley. God, you've bored me, you really have. "Hey Geoff, let's spend the evening talking about gravitic thrust converters." Oh, do you have any idea how tedious it is to talk about spaceships all the time?
O'REILLEY: Sorry. Sorry, I - I didn't...
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: And the Funky Board, I've had it up to here with the Funky Board and Stars in their Budget-conscious spaceships - oh, I've spent the best years of my life presenting a motoring show for middle-aged men. Well no more. No more. This way, Madam President.

(Automatic door opens/closes.)
PRESIDENT VARLON: No...!

GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Don't struggle. I don't want to hurt you, President Varlon, but if I have to...
PRESIDENT VARLON: You won't get away with this. You have nowhere to go!
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: On the contrary, I have a Magellan Danube Four Thousand waiting for me in the docking court, all fuelled up and ready to go, but first...
(Bleeps.)
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: President, give the order to destroy the Kith battle fleet. Now. Or I'll kill you.
PRESIDENT VARLON: Then you'll have to kill me.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: What?
PRESIDENT VARLON: I would rather die than be responsible for the death of a single innocent.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Oh good grief, she's turned into a bleeding-heart liberal.
(Laser bolt. GEOFFREY VANTAGE gasps.)
THE KITH: Geoffrey Vantage, drop the weapon.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Ambassador. But I ... I killed you. I blew up your stupid spaceship.
THE KITH: Drop it, now, or you will be annihilated.
(Gun dropped. Automatic door opens.)
THE KITH: Doctor, Lucie, it's safe for you to come out now.
THE DOCTOR: You see, when I knew what you had planned, I had a word with the Kith Ambassador. I made sure that he was also in a flight simulator instead of his spaceship.
LUCIE MILLER: So he faked his own death as well? This is worse than Poirot.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: You don't understand, any of you. You weren't there. The Kith are our enemies. Don't you remember what they did? Millions of good people died because of *them!*
LUCIE MILLER: I thought you said you didn't want another war.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: I don't! That's why I did it. So we'd never have to go through that again. So, what? Did all those people die for nothing, so that we could forget it ever happened?
THE DOCTOR: No, those people fought and died so the next generation wouldn't have to.
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: Oh, spare me the politically-correct platitudes, Doctor. I suppose next you'll be saying we should all hug each other and try and...
O'REILLEY: Oh, in the name of the Seven Galaxies, shut up!
GEOFFREY VANTAGE: What?
O'REILLEY: Ten years I've put up with you whining on about political correctness this, political correctness that, feminists, do-gooders, environmentalists. Well, now I'm going to have the last word, and that word is shut-up. And before you say anything Geoffrey, I'm hyphenating, okay? Timbo.
TIMBO THE FERRET: Yes?
O'REILLEY: Take him away.

FEMALE TANNOY: Could Flight Commander P R Johnstone please contact the Intergalactic Operator.
(People cheering.)
O'REILLEY: Welcome, welcome to Max Warp. And in this week's show, we'll be putting the new hydrogen fuel feed filtration converter through its paces. We'll also be comparing different types of luggage rack, and exploring the history of the humble traffic bollard. Plus, residual dampeners - yay or nay? And the top ten hits for caravan holidays.
(Theme tune starts.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh God. He's gonna get it axed.
THE DOCTOR: I don't know. People might like the show if it's actually about spaceships.
LUCIE MILLER: Really?
THE DOCTOR: No, he's going to get it axed.
LUCIE MILLER: Would be a bit difficult to keep it going as it was, what with Geoffrey in prison.
THE DOCTOR: I know, but I can't believe they scrapped the Funky Board. That was my favourite bit.
LUCIE MILLER: What about President Varlon? She's hardly the hero of the hour.
THE DOCTOR: Look, she's on the News.
FEMALE VOICE: President Varlon, is it true that you could have destroyed the Kith fleet?
PRESIDENT VARLON: It is not my policy to comment on … rumours. I can say however that

relations between the Varlon and the Kith have never been friendlier. And that following the success of the Cruiser Show, we intend to co-operate on further initiatives. Yes?
MALE VOICE: Ambassador, your response?
THE KITH: We are grateful to the President for her kind comments, and wish to reiterate our commitment to the peace process, and by way of demonstration, we have agreed to make a substantial financial investment in the Varlon Empire.
PRESIDENT VARLON: And I am delighted to announce that, as a result of this new arrangement, my government will be abolishing all forms of income tax with immediate effect.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: I think she'll be fine. It's amazing how effective politicians can be when they stop doing what their Spindroids tell them.
LUCIE MILLER: You've been loving all this, haven't you? Playing the detective.
THE DOCTOR: Well, there's nothing like a good murder mystery is there?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, in this case a murder mystery where nobody died.
THE DOCTOR: That's the thing about murder mysteries, there's always a twist in the tale.
FEMALE TANNOY: Could Monoid Eighteen make his way to the information desk where his parents are still waiting?
LUCIE MILLER: You know, for all these spaceships being all sleek and powerful and having Hyperion boosters and whatnot, I think I prefer the TARDIS.
THE DOCTOR: Really?
LUCIE MILLER: I mean, it can go anywhere in time and space - that's got to count for something.
THE DOCTOR: True.
LUCIE MILLER: And it's bigger on the inside, which is handy if you've got loads of stuff and you need somewhere to put it.
THE DOCTOR: Absolutely, very good point.
LUCIE MILLER: But you know what I like most about it?
THE DOCTOR: No, go on.
LUCIE MILLER: It's a really nice shade of blue.
(TARDIS door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Get in.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
LUCIE MILLER: What did you say it stood for again? Time And Relative Dimensions...
THE DOCTOR: Yes..
LUCIE MILLER: Time And Relative Dimensions In Shed.
THE DOCTOR: That is not what is stands for.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes it does. It's a shed.
(TARDIS dematerialisation sound.)